Baconiana.

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"THE QUARTERLY REVIEW."

IF it *was* the *Quarterly* that killed poor Keats, it is far from likely that such a consummation will be effected by the writer of the article in the July number entitled, "Shakespeare and Bacon," which will not even scotch the cause that the members of the Bacon Society have strenuously advocated—and with growing success—for many years. The article professes to be based on such ancient history as:—

Bacon and Shakespeare. By W. H. Smith, 1857;
The Authorship of Shakespeare. By N. Holmes, 1875;
The Great Cryptogram. By I. Donnelly, 1888;
The Promus of Formularies. By Mrs. H. Pott;

together with the following recent publications (described as "and other works" in the contents), tacked on, to bring the article up to date, presumably, and give it a *raison d'être*:—

William Shakespeare. By George Brandes, 1898.
Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee. In the "Dictionary of National Biography," 1897.

Dr. Brandes and Mr. Sidney Lee are disposed of in eleven lines—the remainder of the eighteen pages being devoted to a bitter attack on those who support the Baconian theory of the authorship of the Shakespearean dramas. The imposing article, however, is built entirely of straws, so that when we come forth to battle, we find very little to bombard. The article starts with the statement that "the hypothesis that the works of Shakespeare were written by Bacon . . . has been totally neglected by scholars. Perhaps their indifference may seem wise, for an opinion that can only be entertained by levity and ignorance may appear to need no confirmation." This is the key-note of the reviewer's article, and he at once launches sarcastically out on "the learning, the logic, and the general intellect of people who form themselves into Baconian Societies, to prove that the poems and plays of Shakespeare were written by Bacon. Thus a light is thrown," he adds, "on the nature

and origin of popular delusions." Then he summons to his aid Mr. Spedding, Mr. H. H. Furness, Dr. Brandes, "the Danish biographer and critic," Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Sidney Lee. Against such authorities our opinions can only "be entertained by levity and ignorance," although these opinions were entertained by Lord Palmerston, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and John Bright, who declared that "Anyone who believes William Shakespeare, of Stratford, wrote *Hamlet* and *Lear* must be a fool."

After a page of criticism of Delia Bacon, the reviewer introduces Dr. Brandes on the scene. This is what he (the former) says:—"It was necessary to prove, therefore, that the author of the plays had—what Shakespeare had not—plenty of Latin and Greek, yet none 'but the less than half educated,' as Dr. Brandes says, could believe that the plays contain proof of classical learning."

Well, although a graduate of Edinburgh University, a prize-man in Professor Masson's Class of English Literature, and a "constant reader" of the Shakespearean dramas, I am quite content to be dubbed "less than half educated," happy to err in the best of good company, that of men who maintain that the plays throughout contain the highest evidences of "classical learning." Professor Dowden speaks of the "frequency of classical allusions" in the dramas. Coleridge maintains that "the habits of William Shakespeare had been scholastic and those of a student." But take away the plays, and let us confine ourselves to *Venus and Adonis* ("the first heir of my invention") and *Lucrece*. Is there no "classical learning" displayed in these poems? I would ask the *Quarterly* reviewer. Of these productions the Cowden Clarkes say:—"*Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* bear palpable tokens of college elegance and predilection, both in story and in treatment. The air of niceness and stiffness, almost peculiar to the schools, invests these efforts of the youthful genius with almost unmistakable signs of having been written by a schoolman. Then his famous acquaintance with college terms and usages makes for the conclusion that he had enjoyed the privilege of a University education." Sir Theodore Martin once declared that "before Shakespeare left Stratford he had probably written *Venus and Adonis*." I would ask the *Quarterly* reviewer—How did Shakespeare accomplish this feat?

This is the explanation given by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare":—"Although the information at present accessible does not enable us to determine the exact nature of Shakespeare's occupations from his

fourteenth to his eighteenth year—that is to say, from 1577 to 1582—there can be no hesitation in concluding that, during that animated and receptive period of life, he was mercifully released from what, to a spirit like his, must have been the deleterious monotony of a school education. Whether he passed these years as a butcher or a wool-dealer does not greatly matter. In either capacity, or in any other that could then have been found at Stratford, he was unconsciously acquiring a more perfect knowledge of the world and human nature than could have been derived from a study of the classics." The picture is perfect. One can see Shakespeare sitting in the butcher's shop writing *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, for which "a study of the classics" was by no means necessary, all that was requisite being "a more perfect knowledge of the world and human nature." He leaves for London, with the MS. of *Venus and Adonis* in his pocket, according to Sir Theodore Martin, and gets it printed on his arrival. Well might Halliwell-Phillipps say: "It is extremely improbable that a poem so highly finished and so completely devoid of *patois* as the 'Venus and Adonis' could have been produced under the circumstances of his then domestic surroundings."

In the absence of "classical learning," can the reviewer explain the following? In 1 Henry VI. appear the lines:—

> "Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
> That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next."

Richard Grant White says:—"No mention of any such garden in the classic writings of Greece and Rome is known to scholars."

But it has been discovered that mention of such a garden, and named the "Garden of Adonis," with exactly similar characteristics, is made in the Phædrus of Plato, of which there was no English translation till the beginning of the eighteenth century. The man "of little Latin and less Greek" had read the *Phædrus!*

So much for Shakespeare's "classical learning"—not a requisite, according to Dr. Brandes and the *Quarterly* reviewer, for the writing of the Shakespearean dramas.

Next our reviewer attacks Mr. Holmes, an advocate of the Bacon theory for the heinous mistake of referring to "a Greek play by Euripides, called 'Hellene.' There is, we need not say, no Greek play of the name of 'Hellene' . . . a name which only exists in the fancy of Mr. Nathaniel Holmes." Well, the Greek form of the title of the play referred to is "ΘΕΛΕΝΗ" otherwise "Helene"—so that the interpolated 'l' seems a very slender thread on which to hang an argument against the Bacon

theory extending to half a page. The reviewer does not claim that Shakespeare was a "classical scholar." Neither do we insist upon Mr. Holmes' "classical scholarship." But it certainly shows the weakness of the opposition when it is reduced to the necessity of working such a trifling point as this to the death. Moreover, the reviewer's criticism is unworthy of him, if he wishes to be considered a fair and truthful critic. One may say of it that the reviewer has "economized truth in a manner that closely boarders on mendacity." The reviewer then turns to the "resemblances," and attempts to floor Mr. Donnelly for the following "coincidence." In *Macbeth* we find —

> 'All our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle.'

"This is 'traced,' says Mr. Donnelly "—says our reviewer, "to Catullus, quoting:—

> 'Soles occidere et redire possunt;
> Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
> Nox est perpetua una dormienda.'

"The parallel is got by translating Catullus thus:—

> 'The *lights* of heaven go out and return;
> When once our *brief candle* goes out,
> One night is to be perpetually slept.'

But *soles* are not *lights*, and *brevis lux* is not *brief candle*. If they were, the passages have no resemblance." Apart from the actual words, the resemblance in idea is clear to any unprejudiced mind. But our reviewer will not have any resemblances in ideas between Shakespeare and Bacon—or even Shakespeare (or Bacon) and Catullus. When he is in this humour, what does he say to the following "coincidence" in both thought and expression, which has been used frequently—but not too often—in our arguments?

The reviewer then makes an onslaught on Mr. Donnelly for daring to follow Pope in the statement that Dares Phrygius was a "Greek author," and insists that Dares P. was not a Greek author, because no Greek version of his romance exists. In Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Biography*, it is stated:—"Dares was, according to the Iliad, a priest of Hephæstus, at Troy. There existed in antiquity an Iliad . . . . which was believed to be more ancient than the Homeric poems, and in fact to be the work of Dares . . . . In the time of Ælian, the Iliad of Dares, which he calls Φρυγία Ιλιάς "*was still known to exist.*" So that, according to Ælian, Dares *is* a Greek author, as a manuscript in Greek of his Iliad was at one time extant.

In the *Advancement of Learning*, Bacon quotes Aristotle as saying that "young men are no fit auditors of *moral* philosophy, because they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections, nor attempered with time and experience." In *Troilus and Cressida* (with which Bacon had nothing to do, of course, according to our learned critic of the *Quarterly*), we find the following:—

"Not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear *moral* philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempered blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong."

"But what's in that?" asks the *Quarterly;* both Bacon and Shakespeare (the latter "with little Latin and less Greek") may have read Aristotle. True enough, but unfortunately Aristotle's strictures were applied to *political*, not *moral*, philosophy, and both philosopher and dramatist made the same mistake. How does the explanatory reviewer explain this? Possibly on the supposition that Bacon borrowed the error from the man of Stratford! Mr. Sidney Lee endeavours to get out of the difficulty by stating that Aristotle *meant* "political" for "moral." So that both Bacon and Shakespeare knew what Aristotle *meant*, and corrected him accordingly.

Throughout his article there is one strong Baconian argument which the reviewer does not venture to meet fairly and squarely—the thousand and one parallelisms to be found in the works of Bacon and Shakespeare, parallelisms which can scarcely be construed into plagiarisms when both writers were contemporaries. He does it in a way, but he brings forward the least resembling coincidences, a habit Shakespeareans have of "ignoring the strongest resemblances, and selecting the least striking and putting them forth as the strongest." Here are a few others for his consideration—close enough in language surely:—

"A beast that wants discourse of reason."—*Shakespeare.*
"In discourse of reason."—*Bacon.*

[Can the reviewer find an earlier use of this phrase, and where? Critics maintained that the "of" should be "and," till the expression was discovered repeatedly in Bacon's works.]

"Minister to a mind diseased."—*Shakespeare.*
"Minister to all the diseases of the mind."—*Bacon.*

"Cowards die many times."—*Shakespeare.*
"Men have their time, and die many times."—*Bacon.*

"The waters swell before a boisterous storm."—*Shakespeare.*
"Secret swelling of seas before a tempest."—*Bacon.*

"Sound and fury, signifying nothing."—*Shakespeare.*
"Sound than signify anything."—*Bacon.*

"As being slippery standers."—*Shakespeare.*
"The standing slippery."—*Bacon.*

"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame."—*Shakespeare.*
"The course of dimness of sight in the expense of spirit."—*Bacon.*

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music;
The reason is, your spirits are attentive."—*Shakespeare.*
"Some noises help sleep, as . . . soft singing. The cause is that they move in the spirits a gentle attention."—*Bacon.*

"Love must creep in service where it cannot go."—*Shakespeare.*
"Love must creep where it cannot go."—*Bacon.*

"Nothing almost sees miracles but misery."—*Shakespeare.*
"If miracles be the command over nature they appear most in adversity."—*Bacon.*

[No Shakesperean annotator has ever given a right interpretation of the expression in *King Lear*, which can only be understood by the light of Bacon's philosophy.]

"I saw him after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it. he let it go again; and after it again."—*Shakespeare.*

"To be like a child following a bird, which, when he is nearest, flyeth away and 'lighteth a little before; and then the child after it again."—*Bacon.*

[The former extract is from *Coriolanus*, written after 1610, first printed 1623. The latter is from a letter from Lord Bacon written 1605, first printed in the *Resuscitatio*, 1657.]

These are only a few examples out of many hundreds, which have appeared over and over again in the pages of the *Bacon Journal* and *Baconiana*, and other Baconian writings. Mr. Sidney Lee maintains, with regard to the parallelisms brought forward by the Baconians, that "most of those that are commonly quoted are phrases in ordinary use by all writers of the day." Yes, of the present day, perhaps, but not of Shakespeare's day.

Besides the parellelisms are not only matter of phraseology, but of original thought.

Then, continues the reviewer, "we cannot, of course, furnish a complete summary of all that the Baconians have said in their myriad pages . . . We are obliged to take the points which the Baconians regard as their strong cards." These "strong cards," which he takes, are in most cases not what the Baconians consider "court" cards, but are veritable "rags."

"We have dealt with the point of classical scholarship, and shown that the American writers are not scholars, and have no *locus standi*. We shall next take in order the contention that Bacon was a poet . . . Then we shall glance at Bacon's motives for writing plays by stealth, and blushing to find it fame." So shall I, my gentle reviewer.

This is what you aver. "Now, as to scholarship, the knowledge shown in the plays is not that of a scholar. The legal and medical lore is no way beyond the 'general information' which genius inevitably amasses from reading, conversation, reflection, and experience." Well, I shall take seventy-five out of every hundred ardent Shakespeareans to combat the statement that the author of the Shakespearean dramas was not a *scholar*. As for "genius" (that "heaven sent inspiration" to which Sir Theodore Martin ascribed Shakespeare's knowledge of everything under the sun) accounting for Shakespeare's legal lore in the manner he ascribes—what does Lord Chief Justice Campbell say?

"While novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can be neither demurrer, nor bill of exception, nor writ of error." Mr. Richard Grant White asks:—How then can we account for the fact, that in an age when it was the common practice for young lawyers to write plays, one playwright left upon his plays a stronger, a sharper legal stamp than appears upon any of his contemporaries, and that the characters of this stamp are those of the complicated law of real property?" I confess I cannot answer Mr. White's interrogatory. I leave it to Mr. Sidney Lee, who says in the "Dictionary of National Biography":—"His accurate use of legal terms *may be* attributable in part to his observance of the many legal processes in which his father was involved, and in part to early intercourse with members of the Inns of Court," combined with his "intuitive power of realising life in almost every aspect *by force of his imagination.*"

The reviewer gives Rudyard Kipling and Jeanne d'Arc as instances of "rare ability" amassing out-of-the-way knowledge,

just as Sir Theodore Martin instanced Robert Burns, Da Vinci, Keats, and Turner, as in this respect being the counterparts of Shakespeare by means of "heaven sent inspiration;" but in the case of a serious illness or an intricate lawsuit I expect the *Quarterly* reviewer, Mr. Sidney Lee, and Sir Theodore Martin would have more confidence in a doctor or a lawyer, who has made his profession the business of his life, than in an individual whose credentials consisted of "heaven-sent inspiration," or "an intuitive power of realising life."

The reviewer tells us "it is necessary to show that Bacon possessed poetic genius. The proof cannot possibly be found in his prose works." If the reviewer has never read Bacon's *Essays* and made the discovery that Bacon was a poet, that is his misfortune, not our fault. On this point he sets off against a few of the Baconians the names of "Mr. Spedding, the chief authority on Bacon, and Mr. H. H. Furness, the learned and witty American editor of the "Variorum Shakespeare?" although all other Americans—on the Baconian side—he thoroughly despises. But what says Mr. Spedding, "the chief authority," on Bacon's poetry?—"Bacon had all the natural faculties which a poet wants; a fine ear for metre, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion. The truth is that Bacon was not without the 'fine phrensy' of the poet; but the world into which it transported him was one which, while it promised visions more glorious than any poet could imagine, promised them upon the express condition that fiction should be utterly prohibited and excluded. Had it taken the ordinary direction, I have little doubt that it would have carried him to a place among the great poets . . . The heroic couplet could hardly do its work better in the hands of Dryden." So much for Mr. Spedding, whom the reviewer gives as evidence against Bacon's poetic claim to the dramas.

As for Mr. Furness—what brief does the reviewer hold from this brilliant commentator in favour of his contention, in face of the same Mr. Furness's statement:—"Had these plays come down to us anonymously, had the labour of discovering the author been imposed upon future generations, we could have found no one of that day but Francis Bacon to whom to assign the crown. In this case it would have been resting now upon his head by almost common consent." And these are two of the men whom the reviewer depends upon as his authorities for quashing the Baconian argument.

Both the modern Spedding and the modern Furness can blow hot or cold as the occasion demands—just as did "rare old Ben," ("the leader of the learned fraternity of log-rollers," according to

Mr. George Wyndham) when he described Shakespeare in the first folio of 1623 as excelling all "that insolent Greece or haughty Rome" had done, and subsequently informed a different set of readers in his *Discoveries*, of date 1641, that Bacon "performed that in our tongue which may be compared, or preferred, either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome." This would appear a poor compliment to Shakespeare—to apply to Bacon the identical words of praise which he had accorded to the "Bard of Avon" nearly twenty years before—but as the *Quarterly* reviewer says—'Bacon is dead" so it didn't matter! A dead man cannot very well quarrel with his epitaph!

Shelley—who, perhaps, the *Quarterly* reviewer may acknowledge to have known a little about poetry—wrote: "Lord Bacon was a poet," and referred to "the sweet and majestic rhythm of his language;" while Hallam, the historian, says: "We as little feel the power of identifying the young man who came up from Stratford, was afterwards an indifferent player in a London theatre, and retired to his native place in middle life, with the author of *Macbeth* and *Lear*." Emerson says: "The Egyptian verdict of the Shakespearean societies comes to mind, that he was a jovial actor and manager. I cannot marry this fact to his verse. "Then Macaulay says: "The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind." Lord Lytton says:—"Poetry pervaded the thoughts, it inspired the similes, it hymned the majestic sentences of the wisest of manhood." Lord Campbell says:—"Few poets deal in finer imagery than is to be found in Bacon . . . . His prose is poetry." But Shelley, Hallam, Emerson, Macaulay, Lytton and Campbell were not *Quarterly* reviewers, or they might have thought differently.

That Bacon was not without honour as a poet even in his own day is proved by the inclusion of his name in the list of Elizabethan poets in Stow's *Annales*, of which an augmented edition by Edmond Howes, was published in 1615. This is what appears in the *Annales*: "Our moderne, and present excellent poets which worthely florish in their own workes, and all of them in my owne knowledge lived togeather in this Queenes raigne, according to their priorities as neere as I could, I have orderly set downe. Then follow the names of Gascoigne, Churchyard, Dyer, Spenser, Sidney, Harrington, Chaloner, Bacon, Davies, Lyly, Chapman, Warner, Shakespeare, Daniell, Drayton, Marlowe, Jonson, Meeres, Sylvester, Dekker, Fletcher, Webster, Heywood, Middleton, Withers. If Bacon is not a poet, he appears here in excellent poetic company.

The next point which the reviewer takes up is one in which he displays supreme ignorance of the position held by the Baconians,

"What had he (Bacon)," the reviewer asks, "to gain by vamping or by patching? Certainly not money . . . An ambitious lawyer passes his nights in retouching stock pieces, from which he can reap neither fame nor profit . . ." This is one point on which the *Quarterly* reviewer is entirely wrong. The Baconian argument is that Bacon, under *necessity*, wrote the plays and supplied them to Shakespeare for profit. "We are asked to believe that Bacon," he confidently asserts, "for the sake of some *five or six pounds*, toiled at re-fashioning old plays, and handed the fair manuscripts to Shakespeare." Why, "five or six pounds?" Why not five or six thousand? It is not known what was the value of the real estate which Shakespeare amassed, apart from the money left in his will (£2,800), but Vicar Ward of Stratford tells us Shakespeare spent at the rate of £1,000 per annum during his last years. Mr. Sidney Lee, says: "Over £130 (equal to £1,040 of to-day) would be Shakespeare's annual revenue before 1599," and "Shakespeare in the later period of his life was earning above £600 a year in money of the period"—that is, £4,800 of to-day. Then we know that a contemporary theatre-manager and "bear-master," Edward Alleyn (founder of Dulwich College) purchased the Manor of Dulwich for £10,000 (in money of his own day—equal to £80,000 of our day), and devoted it, with much other property, to public uses, at the same time making ample provision for his family out of the residue of his estate. Shakespeare could scarcely make less profit than Alleyn as a manager, so that the business would prove eminently profitable to Shakespeare and Bacon, if both were concerned in the production of the plays. If Bacon received but a moiety of the profits as his share, he would be content to let Shakespeare have all the credit. Those who have read Spedding's "Life and Letters" know that Bacon, till he obtained office, was in desperate straits for lack of money. Time after time was he passed over when appointments became vacant. In a letter to Essex, 1595, Bacon expresses a wish to retire from the practice of the law and to devote himself to philosophy. Professor Gardiner on this point says: "His pecuniary embarrassments, which were the greater from his long expectancy of office, probably stood in the way." What more likely than that he took to playwriting to obtain the money he wanted? No Shakespearean play was published till 1597; and all the plays seem to have originated in that period of time during which Bacon was poor and unemployed, and they ceased to appear when Bacon was appointed Attorney-General (1613—the date of Henry VIII.), and three years before the death of Shakespeare; when Shakespeare was not fifty years old, and as capable of literary work as ever he had been.

As Charles Knight says:—"At a period of life when Chaucer began to write the 'Canterbury Tales,' Shakspere, according to his biographers, was suddenly and utterly to cease to write. We cannot believe it."

The reviewer then makes the assertion: "That Bacon should be a vamper and a playwright for no appreciable profit, that, having produced his immortal works, he should make no sign, has, in fact, staggered even the great credulity of Baconians." Mr. Donnelly answers this latter argument very completely, when he says: "The last years of his life were years of dishonour. He had been cast down from the place of Lord Chancellor for bribery, for selling justice for money. He had been sentenced to prison; he held his liberty by the King's grace. He was denied access to the Court. He was a ruined man, 'a very subject for fits,' as he says himself. For a man thus living under a cloud to have said, 'In my youth I wrote plays for the stage, I wrote them for money, I used Shakespere as a mask; I divided with him the money taken in at the gate of the play-houses from the scum and refuse of London,' would only have invited upon his head greater ignominy and disgrace . . . He sought to be the Aristotle of a new philosophy. Such an avowal would have smirched the *Novum Organum* and the *Advancement of Learning*." He had obtained all he wanted from the plays, and was done with them. Shakespeare had also obtained all *he* wanted from them, and was likewise done with them—*as "the immortal works" are not even mentioned in his will.* For this there was some excuse for Bacon, if he was the author of the plays, as he knew his fame with posterity was assured by means of his great philosophical treatises. There was no excuse for Shakespeare, if *he* was the author, in making absolutely no provision for the preservation of the foresaid "immortal works."

The reviewer instances Sir Walter Scott as one great author who chose to conceal his identity, but "he finally confessed." Very unwillingly, as we know—the secret had to be dragged from him, after several denials. And for what reason? What was his answer to his friend Morritt, when urged to declare himself the author of the novels? "I shall *not* own 'Waverly'; my chief reason is, that it would prevent me the pleasure of writing again . . . In truth I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels." If with Scott and novel-writing—why not with Bacon and play-writing? Halliwell-Phillipps says that in Shakespeare's day "the vocation of a dramatic writer was considered scarcely respectable;" and Dr. Ingleby says actors were deemed "runaways and vagrants."

Our reviewer does not expend much argument on the statement that "Shakespeare's signatures are clearly the signatures of a man who had simply learnt to write his name." (In his will he actually spells his surname in two different ways.) Such an accusation was beneath the notice of a *Quarterly* reviewer, who insists upon the literal accuracy of Ben Jonson's statement that Shakespeare "never blotted out a line" of his manuscript. It is *this* which has "staggered the Baconians," who have studied the few extant autographs of Shakespeare—all that remains of the voluminous writings—and not one of them resembling its neighbour.

GEORGE STRONACH, M.A.

"LINKS IN THE CHAIN."

PART VI.

IN April, 1895, we commenced, under the title of "*Links in the Chain*," a series of papers bearing upon similarities in the life, aim, and work, of Francis Bacon, and those of the friends, associates, and helpers, who as we believe, and confidently affirm to have been the many "Masks" behind which he concealed himself, the many "Engines" and "Instruments" by means of which his "Cabinet and Presses full" of MSS. were by degrees emptied, scattered abroad, and published.

We hoped that others would have acted in the spirit of Bacon's "Brethren" and "Sons of Science," lending a hand to the forging of these *Links*, which when industriously joined together will be found, as has been already said, "to connect Francis Bacon with everything, social, scientific, and literary, in the age of which he was the glory." To this it may be added that these *Links*, esteemed perhaps by some slight and valueless, will prove to be a means of revealing Francis Bacon not only as the Great Philosopher, Experimentalist, Dramatist and Poet, but further as the Greatest Theologian, Mystic, Antiquarian, and Historian; the Centre, Pivot or motive power of a Secret Society, *universal* alike in its aims and extent which should be as a Lever to lift Humanity from the abyss of ignorance and superstition into which it had sunk.

No such effort has been made, and once more we return to the anvil and do our little best with a hammer too heavy for a

weak arm. It may be remembered that we began by calling attention to the remarkable number of unusually gifted and learned boys, who (in days when learning was, according to Bacon, at a very low ebb) thought, wrote, things grave and gay, translations from the Classics, Plays, Poems, Discourses, etc., which were considered by *his* elders worthy of publication even when the author *himself* was but ten, twelve or fifteen years of age. The boys here enumerated were :—

Sir Philip Sydney	Richard Crashaw	Thomas Vaughan
Edmund Spenser	Michl. de Montaigne	Joseph Mede
Abraham Cowley	Sir John Suckling	D'Aubigny
Gaspar Barthius	John Heydon	George Wither
Sir Henry Wotton	Calderon de la Barca	

Part II. of the *Links* enumerated some of the Poets and poetical writers or wits who said of themselves and others that their fame should *live* in the *monuments* of their wit and learning, not in brass and marble, with statues and gilded epitaphs. These things very emphatically stated by Bacon, are repeated *by* and *of* :—

Shakespeare	Burton	The Earl of Northumberland
Ben Jonson	Casaubon	
Sir. P. Sidney	J. Shirley	Pope
George Sandys	Donne	Cleveland
Michael Drayton	Florio	Butler
Du Bartas	Cowley	Lord Hundsdon
Sir T. Browne	Hooker	Lord Charles Howard
Spenser	Boyle	
Sir T. Browne	Milton	

(Many other similar repetitions of the words of Bacon might be produced.)

Next we come to authors pronounced to be *the first, best,* and *rarest of their kind,* whose mind could not be painted without his own hand to guide the brush. Again appear the familiar names.

Sydney	Du Bartas	A. Cowley
Shakespeare	J. Fletcher	G. Lucy
Ben Jonson	Drummond of Hawthornden	Phillips
Ford	Thos. Sackville	Crashaw
Webster	Thos. Carew	Hooker
Donne	Ed. Spenser	Montaigne
R. Burton		

Having in Part IV. again reviewed the detached facts, analogies or coincidences concerning, the abnormal powers in childhood

and beardless youth of many of these supposed poets—the predictions that their works should be their living monuments—that each was the rarest of his kind, and their minds inexpressible in their portraits, we proceeded to consider the authors described as "concealed" and who wished "to keep state" in their affairs and writings for the future ages" and for "posterity" as Francis Bacon described himself as doing or desiring to do.

Here again we have in the list:—

Sidney	Ben Jonson to	R. Burton
Shakespeare	J. Selden and the	Robert Fludd
Cowley	Earl of Salisbury	

Next we reviewed the Tombs with ambiguous or paradoxical epitaphs, and "authors" whose burial places are unknown, or known only by tradition. Under these headings are included:

Anthony and Francis Bacon	S. Butler	Wither
	Edward Alleyn	G. Sandys
Sir P. Sydney	Marston	T. Hobbes
Ed. Spenser	Marlowe	Drayton
Beaumont	Massinger	R. Burton
Fletcher	Webster	Dryden
Shakespeare	J. Sandys	Baster
Ben Jonson	J. Mede	Montaigne
Cowley	G. Herbert	

We were able to show of several of these supposed Authors that very little is known—seldom even the dates of their birth and death (the list could now be considerably enlarged).

We passed on in the same paper to a notice of some of the Authors who are said (like Bacon and Shakespeare) to have "*surpassed Greece and Rome,*" and again many of the same names appear on the list by various fresh Authors, and with the addition of the names of "the philologist," *Franciscus Junius*, "the Alchymist" or Rosicrucian," *Dr. John Dee*, and the "French Dramatist," *Molière.*

In the last paper published on these subjects a few further instances were added to the former, and we then pass on to the link which tells us in an infinite number of places the same that is stated in Ben Jonson's *Discoveries* of Bacon, and in the same writer's "*Underwoods*" of *Shakespeare*, namely that with the death of this poet, Art, Science, Wit and Wisdom alike fade and fail. We know now how this same sentiment is reached by thirty poets in the *Shades of Verulam*, memorial verses collected by Dr. Rawley. But the sentiment is not applied to

Bacon and Shakespeare alone. The same that Ben Jonson says of *them*, is equally applied to *himself* by Rutter, Feltham, and an anonymous writer. Cary also says the same of *John Donne*. Finally, with regard to the "speed," "celerity," and facility which Bacon had, according to Rawley, in a pre-eminent degree, we shall find if we look, that precisely the same is said of Cowley, of Barthius, of Molière, and (*by himself*) of Montaigne. A score of other instances will here also reward the industrious reader of old "*Lives*" and memorial verses. For the present we press on, and merge the subject speed and facility, with that of the "Versatility," which is our present theme.

Versatile writers who treated of many different subjects with extraordinary rapidity and facility.

Sir Philip Sidney.

"Some souls are of such narrow capacities, that they affoard onely stowage on receipt for one science, where as such *the ubiquitariness* of Sir *Philip*, that at the same time *it could attend All Arts*." (Life of Sir P. S., *Arcadia*, 1662.)

Jasper Barthius.

"One of the most learned men and fertile pens of his age. He had a marvellous facility in making verses . . . he learnt the living languages, and by his translations from Spanish and Italian works, we see that he had not a superficial acquaintance with these languages. It is astonishing the number of authors which his *Adversaria* and his *Commentaries* bear witness to his having read . . . *He did not limit himself to profane Authors . . . but acquired a great acquaintance with ecclesiastical writers* . . . his work made so prodigious a mass that one has difficulty in conceiving how a single man sufficed for such things. "*In three days*," he says, "*I made a Latin translation of the first of the three books of the Iliad; which translation contained rather more than* 1,000 *verses, etc.*" (*See Bayle's Dictionary.*)

Fra Paolo Sarpi.

"He was supreme as a thinker, as a man of action, and as a transcript and pattern of every Christian principle. In the domain of astronomy Galileo called him 'my father and my master,' as a mathematician he said no man in Europe surpasses Master Paolo Sarpi in the science of mathematics. As an anatomist making invaluable discoveries such as that of the valves of the veins . . . the circulation of the blood, called by the famous surgeon of Padua (Acquapendente) 'the oracle of this

century.' Vieta and Robert Anderson sent him their books on algebra and geometry for revision. As a metaphysician, in his 'Art of Thinking well' he anticipated Locke in his 'Essay of the Human Understanding," and the same holds true in regard to some of the discoveries of Kepler . . . Modern Italian history is the outcome of the principles he laid down in his voluminous State Papers . . . It was he who gave to Professor Santorio of Padua the idea of *Animal statics*. *Optics* was another branch much advanced by him. *Heat and Light* were searched into by him . . . he divides with Galileo the honour of inventing the *Thermometer* . . . *Sound and Colour* he also treated of . . . *Reflection* and *Refraction* were investigated by him . . . In *Pneumatics* he made many interesting experiments . . . he gave to Torricelli the thoughts he developed in his book on 'Atmospheric Pressure.' *Hydrostatics*, too, received his careful investigation . . . of *Magnetism* Fra Paolo knew perhaps more than any one of his time . . . In *Mathematics* he knew no rival . . . wrote a valuable book entitled 'Recognition of Equations,' and in his 'Pensieri' notes of his studies on *Conic Sections*. *Jurisprudence* was another department of learning which he made his own. Other subjects that Fra Paolo studied were *Metaphysics and Chemistry* . . . *Architecture* . . . *Botany* . . . (he is said to have laid out the first Botanical garden in Padua) . . . In *Geology*, *Mineralogy*, *Animal and Vegetable Physiology*, and in *Herbs and Medicine* he was deeply read. He was a great *Mechanician*, all inventors brought their instruments and contrivances to him. Every one who consulted him went away satisfied, and feeling as if Fra Paolo had devoted his whole life to that one subject in which he himself happened to be interested ; for there was no department of human knowledge about which he did not know everything that had been ascertained by others, and few to which he did not make substantial contributions." (*Fra Paolo Sarpi*, by Rev. A. Robertson.)

"Porta, Fabricius, Galileo, all confessed obligations to him. So Gilbert of Terrestrial Magnetism and Giambattista della Porta. It is possible that he foresaw the invention of the telescope. He wrote treatises on the Tides, Barometer, Projectiles and war engines of the Ancients . . . A Treatise on Algebra, etc., and infinite mechanical inventions . . . he studied Vivisection and accepted no conclusion which he could not verify by experiment."

JOSEPH MEDE, B.D.

His skill in Geography and History appeared betimes . . . He drew up a *Method of History* . . . a *Biblioteca Theologica*, and three *Epistolary Discourses* . . . Advices and Instructions about

the study of Theology, the Arts, and History, and a short book . . . (of notes) briefly observed out of the Ancients . . . He had an equal skill in the History of Nature, and Philosophy. . . (in some of his letters) he treated *De Motu Gravium et Levium*, as likewise touching the *Equality of Natural Motions*. . . . the *Nature of Comets* . . . quares about *Shooting or managing the Long-bow*; as also about the best *Methods of teaching the Deaf and Dumb* to cast accompts, with other *Mathematical Calculations* . . . and of the *Art of Writing*, and of *Civil Life and Conversation*.

For the Languages, particularly the Oriental . . . Hebrew especially, his knowledge herein was more than mean and ordinary, yea, such as showed him to be a man of rare perspicacity in the Genius and Proprieties of the Sacred Language . . . (He wrote the) *Clavis*, and *Commentationes Apocalypticæ*, and (amongst a large number of Posthumous papers) a Treatise of the *Doctrine of Dæmons*, and a number of *Diatribes* or *Discourses*, Collections out of the Egyptian Antiquities, Tracts, Advertisements, and other pieces. In a word, what is related in the Life of *Padre Paolo, the Oracle of Venice* . . . was a happy *conjunction* of those excellencies which rarely meet in one and the same subject.* Knowledge and Humility; Prudence and Meekness; Retiredness and Officiousness; Learning and Pleasantness Brevity and Clearness; Sweetness and Solidity.

(*The Works of Joseph Mede, Vol. II., Gen. Preface*).

COWLEY.

"He *cyphered and decyphered* with his own hand, the greater part of the letters which passed between their Majesties. . . He had nearly beheld the splendour of the highest part of Mankind. . . The variety of arguments that he has managed is so large that *there is scarce any particular of all the passions of Men, or Works of Nature or Providence, which he has passed by undescribed*. . . The subject of his *Davideis* was truly Divine, the matter of his own invention, with *all the Treasures of Knowledge and History in the Bible*. The Model of it comprehended *all the Learning of the East*. . . In all other matters *his wit excelled most other men's*. . . In his Latin poems he expressed to admiration *all the numbers of Verse, and Figures of Poesie that are scattered up and down amongst the ancients* . . . (*a thing*) *never yet performed by any single poet of the Ancient Romans themselves*. . . He applied himself to *the Study of Physick*, made many *Anatomical Dissertations* . . . and proceeded to *the consideration*

* "Those abilities which commonly go single in other men, though of prime and observable parts, were all *conjoined* and met in him."

Dr. Rawley's "*Life of Bacon*."

of Simples . . . he speedily mastered that part of *the Art of Medicine*, and presently digested it into the form of . . . two Books of Herbs . . . the Third and Fourth Discourses were of *Flowers* . . . the last two, of *Trees*.

In his speech, neither the Pleasantness excluded Gravity, nor the sobriety, delight. No man parted willingly with his Discourse. . . His wit was so tempered that no one had ever reason to wish it less.

His Learning was large and profound, well composed of all ancient and modern knowledge. He was accomplished with all manner of abilities for the greater business. He always professed that he went out of the World as it was Man's, and into the same world, as it was Nature's and God's. *The whole compass of the Creation, and all the wonderful effects of the Divine Wisdom were the constant prospect of his senses and his thoughts. . . This labour about Natural Science was the perpetual and interrupted task of the obscure portion of his life.* . . He had an earnest intention of taking *a Review of the original Principles of the Primitive Church," etc.*

Is it possible that anyone acquainted with the *contemporary* descriptions of Francis Bacon, with his own statement of his aims and aspirations, and with the scheme which he drew out and more or less carried out—is it, we repeat, possible that anyone who has truly studied his life and work, should fail to see the reflection of his portrait in such "*feigned histories*" as those of which a few examples have been given?

Further research, since the publication of previous papers on this topic, strengthens conviction that, in *one or other* of the various editions of works by "feigned poets" and other authors who were in effect, mere masks for Bacon—such Links as those already collected will be found, though not all are introduced into the same volume, at the same time.

As yet the Links may seem few—the workman is but little encouraged to hammer at them. Let others take a turn at the anvil, and courage, good friends! "Things done with care exempt themselves from fear," and when our chain of "Instances strong as Pluto's gates" shall be complete, we are confident that most of those who read these pages will confess that with them, "*the end was unknown to the beginning.*"

SKETCHES OF FRANCIS BACON'S CHARACTER AND GENIUS.

Compared with the Character and Genius of Shakespeare, as represented by the most eminent critics.

THE following slight sketches of Francis Bacon's character and genius, are simply collated from the works of eminent biographers, or from contemporaneous descriptions of him, given by some of those who knew and loved him best. Surely even those who cannot bring themselves to accept him as the author of the plays, will, after reading such extracts as the following, concede at least so much as this: that the character and genius of Francis Bacon corresponded in almost every particular with the various attributes with which admirers of Shakespeare have endowed that "ideal man," from the internal evidence which the plays afford of their author's character.*

In boyhood, we read, Francis Bacon was sprightly and intelligent beyond his years. Attention seems to have been drawn to him on account of his displaying the same precosity and brightness which Gloucester observes in the little prattling Duke of York. "O 'tis a parlous boy, bold, quick, ingenious, capable; he is the mother's from the top to toe." The Queen, who was taken with the smartness of his answers, used to try him with questions on various subjects, and it is said that, once, when she asked him how old he was, his reply was ingeniously complimentary:—"I am just two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign."

Having a father distinguished as a lawyer and statesman, and a mother of universal abilities, he was, from the first, placed in a most favourable position for forming a learned and brilliant character. His success in life was to depend upon favour at Court, and this, joined to the fact that his mother, whom he highly respected, was a strict Puritan, must have had a great effect in forming his political and religious views.

"With such antecedents, we may presume that the first breath of Bacon's public life was drawn in a very contagious atmosphere of loyalty and anti-popery." † This bias is traceable throughout his speeches and writings, where he never loses an opportunity of upholding the King's Prerogative and the Divine

* Mr. Spedding freely admitted this to the present writer: "There can be no doubt," he said, "that Bacon possessed every qualification for writing the plays *if he had chosen to do so.*"

† "Life and Letters," Spedding, Vol. I.

Right of Kings—nor of remonstrating against "Popish Superstition" and the "Trash of Rome."

But his brilliant life had its drawbacks—first in ill-health, of which there are indications, from the time of his residence at Cambridge, when we learn that there were frequent payments to the "*pothigarie*" in Whitgift's accounts, until his latter years when he wrote for himself a collection of prescriptions or "medical recipes," which seem to point out dyspepsia (with melancholy and depression as its attendants), and latterly gout, as his chief sources of ill-health.

It will be seen in the chapter on the "Doctrine of the Human Body," how the depression of spirits, and "moodiness," which Bacon ascribes to indigestion, produced by unquiet meals and a harassed mind, are traced by the Abbess in the *Comedy of Errors*, to precisely the same causes, and how, too, the nervous affections and the want of sleep are similarly connected and remarked upon in many passages in the plays. It is hard to doubt that those descriptions of the body out of tune, were written by one who had himself experienced the symptoms so minutely recorded.

In Bacon's "Private Memoranda," he says, "I have found now twice upon amendment of my fortune, disposition to melancholy, and distaste, especially the same happening against the long vacation, when company failed and business both; for upon my solicitor's place, I grew indisposed and inclined to superstition. Now upon Mill's place, I find a relapse into my old symptom, as I was wont to have it many years ago, as after sleeps, strife at meats, strangeness, clouds, etc." Elsewhere he speaks of "strangeness and cloudyness," of "Melancholia coelestem," etc.*

Do not these words depict the very state of health, which, working upon a highly imaginative and thoughtful disposition, would tend to the production of such works as the tragedies of Shakespeare?

"When the temperament is quick and sensitive, the desire of knowledge strong and the faculties so vigorous, obedient, and equally developed, that they find almost all things easy, the mind will commonly fasten on the first object of interest with the ardour of a first love," and this observation which is introduced in tracing the source of the great impulses which began to work in Bacon almost from boyhood, applies, equally to the manner in which the plays were written, and the subjects of them suggested to his imagination. His mind seems to have fastened upon the chief thing which attracted his attention at the time, and in

* See Spedding's "Letters and Life," IV., pp. 28-30.

working up his ideas into poetical poems, he wove in with them the subjects of study which were at the time prominent in his mind.

This does not seem to be a fitting place for a comparison of the plays as a whole with events in Bacon's life, or with subjects of study which occupied his mind whilst touching upon the historical plays at different periods. Such a comparison will be attempted in another place. Meanwhile, it should be borne in mind, whilst touching upon the historical plays, that, in the *Advancement of Learning*, Bacon advocates the encouragement of theatrical representations, and of plays, as a means for inculcating morals and politics and for teaching history. Unless he were himself the author of the series of historical plays then appearing at the Bankside Theatre (and we know that he was devoted to stage representations), it seems more than strange that he should not mention Shakespeare, who would have appeared to him the very incarnation of all that he desired to see achieved in this direction.

There are few persons with whom a desire for knowledge is strong, and who believe that they are possessed of certain knowledge which is for the most part lacking to others—there are few such, excepting the most selfish of beings, who do not feel driven or constrained as it were, to impart to others truths which they believe to be beneficial. Now in *Bacon's* days, let us remember, there were no newspapers, no magazines, no cheap literature, or other means by which any new idea, or ridicule of any old idea, could be brought within the reach of the million. But there *was* one powerful engine for moving the popular mind—the stage. Bacon knew that, he speaks of it many times in his prose works—is it not probable, is it not more in accordance with his character that he should have employed this engine than that he should not? For when and where do we find him advocating as desirable, a thing that he has taken no pains to help forward in a practical manner? It seems, then, to the present writer that it was not solely for "recreation" that Bacon wrote these plays—but that by their means he desired to ventilate many questions which would not have so readily been listened to if put forward in any other way, and to ridicule absurdities of speech, dress and behaviour without hurting the feelings of any. For, as he quotes in his "Promus" from Horace's 1st Satire, "What prevents one from speaking truth with a laughing face;" and again, "Ridicule often decides matters of importance more effectually, and in a better manner than bitterness of speech or keen sarcasm."

To return to the personal character of Bacon, it seems well

to present in contrast to the erroneous opinions which have been impressed upon the popular mind with regard to him—especially as a *young* man, for that chiefly concerns the question now in hand—a few extracts from the writings of his contemporaries and friends, the first being Sir Tobie Matthew, whom Bacon calls his "kind inquisitor." A close college friendship grew up between the two men, and a literary correspondence was maintained between them throughout their lives. No one could be a more competent judge of Bacon's character and powers than Sir Tobie, and this is what he says in his preface to a collection of letters of which there will be occasion to speak by-and-by more at length.

"We have also rare compositions of minds amongst us, which look so many fair ways at once, that I doubt it will go near to pose any other nation of Europe to muster out in any age four men who, in so many respects, shall excel four such as we are able to show—Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Francis Bacon; for they were all a kind of monsters in their several ways. . . The fourth was a creature of incomparable abilities of mind, of a sharp and catching apprehension, large and faithful memory, plentiful and sprouting invention, deep and solid judgment, for as much as might concern the understanding part: a man so rare in knowledge, of so many several kinds, indued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all, in so elegant, significant, so abundant and yet so choice and ravishing a way of words, of metaphors, and allusions, as perhaps the world has not seen since it was a world.

"I know this may seem a great hyperpole and strange kind of riotous excess of speech; but the best means of putting me to shame will be for you to place any man of yours by this of mine. And, in the meantime, even this little makes a shift to show that the Genius of England is still not only eminent, but predominant, for the assembling great variety of those rare parts, in some single man, which used to be incompatible anywhere else."

Address to the Reader—Preface to a Collection of Letters made by Sir Tobie Matthew, Kt., Pub. London, 1660.

This writer is the same who added to a letter on business matters this famous though mysterious postscript—

"P.S.—The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, *though he be known by another.*"

It may be thought that the testimony of so great a personal friend as Sir Tobie Matthew proved himself to be, is too favourable

to be entirely trustworthy, but here is the opinion of one, Francis Osborne, a contemporary, but apparently not an intimate acquaintance of Bacon's. He is describing the points of character which are most patent to the ordinary observer.*

"My memory neither doth (nor I believe possibly ever can) direct me to an example more splendid in this kind than the Lord Bacon, Earl of St. Albans, who in all companies did appear a good proficient, if not a master, in those arts entertained for the subject of every one's discourse. So as I dare maintain, without the least affectation of flattery or hyperbole, that his most casual talk deserveth to be written, as I have been told his first or foulest copies required no great labour to render them competent for the nicest judgments; high perfection attainable only by use and treating with every man in his respective profession, and which he was most versed in.

"So as I have heard him entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs, and at another time outcant a London chirurgeon. Thus he did not only learn himself, but gratify such as taught him, who looked upon their calling as honoured by his notice. Nor did an easy falling into arguments (not unjustly taken for a blemish in the most) appear less than an ornament in him; the ears of his hearers receiving more gratification than trouble; and no less sorry when he came to conclude, than displeased with any that did interrupt him. Now the general knowledge that he had in all things, husbanded by his wit and dignified with so majestical a carriage he was known to own, struck such an awful reverence in those he questioned, that they durst not conceal the most intrinsic part of their mysteries from him, for fear of appearing ignorant or saucy. All which rendered him no less necessary than admirable at the council table, when, in reference to impositions, monopolies, etc., the meanest manufactures were an usual argument; and, as I have heard, he did in this, baffle the Earl of Middlesex, who was born and bred a citizen, etc. Yet without any great (if at all) interrupting his abler studies, as is not hard to be imagined of a quick apprehension, in which he was admirable."

It will be observed that the evidence of this witness completely discredits the opinion that Bacon was "destitute of human sympathies." On the contrary, it shows him to have been more than commonly endowed with such human sensibilities, and to have possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of throwing himself into the interests and pursuits of others, a power which is as charming as it is rarely to be met with. No selfish person,

* Quoted by Mr. W. H. Smith, in his "Bacon and Shakespeare."

nor one who talks simply for the sake of display, ever has the faculty of drawing out the minds of others, and of delighting his hearers whilst gaining knowledge himself, as Francis Bacon did.

The evidence of Sir Walter Raleigh is of the same kind as Sir Tobie Matthew's. He says that Bacon "combined the most rare gifts; for while Cecil could talk and not write, Howard write and not talk, *he alone* could both talk and write."

But the most striking evidence in favour not only of Bacon's genius as a writer and speaker, but of his personal graces, his winning manner, and the magnanimity and true greatness of his character, is supplied by Ben Jonson, who as his scribe, translator and frequent attendant, had excellent means of forming a judgment.

Amongst Ben Jonson's unpublished papers were found some which he entitles "Sylva," "Timber; or, Discoveries made upon Men and Matter, as they have flowed out of his daily readings, or had their reflux to his peculiar notion of the Times." Upon this work, we are told by his biographer, he probably continued to write while he could hold a pen.* The title was probably suggested by the "Sylva Sylvarum" of Bacon, and the sentiments and expressions which are contained in its paragraphs are often mere reflections of the teachings of that "Great Master" whom Ben Jonson names not only as "the mark and ἀκμή of our language," but as "one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that hath been in many ages."†

For the sake of those who do not possess a complete edition of Ben Jonson's works, the following passages (being all that concern Bacon), are extracted from Ben Jonson's "Discoveries." After a series of paragraphs on the difference of wits in men, of ignorance, knowledge, ease and relaxation, studies, men eminent in style and oratory, etc., we come to the following: "*Dominus Verulamius.* One, though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone: for no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (*where he could spare or pass by a jest*), was nobly censorius. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. *No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces.* His hearers could not cough nor look aside

* The works of Ben Jonson, with a Memoir by W. Gifford. London, 1838, p. 749. Ben Jonson died in 1637, so that the Eulogy of Bacon which follows was written some ten years after the death of Bacon.

† *Ib.*

from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end."

"*Scriptorum Catalogus.**—Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire. *Ingenium par imperio.* We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former *seculum*) Sir Thos. Moore, the elder Wyatt, Henry, Earl of Surrey, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner, were for their times admirable; and the more, because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nicholas Bacon was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met. The Earl of Essex, noble and high, and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or style. Sir Henry Savile, grave and truly lettered; Sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both; Lord Egerton the chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor, is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward: so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and ἀκμη of our language."

"*De augmentis scientarum.—Julius Cæsar.—Lord St. Alban.*—I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise patriot, amongst the greatest affairs of the State, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools, they are the seminaries of State; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman, than that part of the Republic which we call the advancement of letters. Witness the case of Julius Cæsar, who in the heat of the Civil War, writ his books of Analogy, and dedicated them to Tully. This made the late Lord St. Alban entitle his work the *Novum Organum:* which though by the most superficial of men, who cannot get beyond the title of nominals, it is not penetrated,

* Sir Thomas Moore. Sir Thomas Wyatt. Henry, Earl of Surrey. Sir Thomas Chaloner. Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas Eliot. Bishop Gardiner. Sir Nicholas Bacon, L.K. Sir Philip Sidney. Dr. Richard Hooker. Robert, Earl of Essex. Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Henry Savile, Sir Edwin Sandys, Sir Thomas Egerton, L.C., and Sir Francis Bacon, "who filled up all numbers, and who stands as the acmé of our language."—But where is Shakespeare?

nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever, and is a book

Qui longum noto scriptori proroget ævum.

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours; but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."

"*De Corruptela Morum.*—There cannot be one colour of the mind, another of the wit."

There exists a short memoir of Bacon, which was drawn up by Dr. Rawley in 1657, and prefixed to the *Resuscitatio*, which Mr. Spedding considered to be (next to Bacon's own writings) the most important and authentic evidence concerning him that we possess.* In this memoir Rawley says: "There is a commemoration due as well to his abilities and virtues as to the course of his life. Those abilities which commonly go single in other men, though of prime and observable parts, were all conjoined and met in him. Those are *sharpness of wit*, *memory*, *judgment*, and *elocution*. In the former three his books do abundantly speak them, which † with what sufficiency he wrote, let the world judge; but *with what celerity he wrote them*, I can best testify." Rawley then repeats Sir W. Raleigh's saying regarding Bacon's elocution, and continues:—"I have been induced to think, that if there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him. For though he was a great reader of books, yet he had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds and notions from within himself; which, notwithstanding, he vented with great caution and circumspection. . . . I myself have seen at the least twelve copies of the *Instauration*, revised year by year one after another, and every year altered and amended in

* Sped. Works, Vol. I. p. 9-10. Dr. Rawley was an early friend of Bacon. "It was in special compliment to Bacon that he was presented on the 18th of January, 1616-17 (being then 28 years old) to the rectory of Landbeach, a living in the gift of Benet's College, Cambridge. Shortly after, Bacon becoming Lord Keeper, selected him for his chaplain, and during the last five years of his life, employed him constantly as a kind of literary secretary."

† The Latin version adds *ut de Julio Cæsare Hirtius*. Sped. Works, Vol. I. p. 10.

the frame thereof, till at last it came to that model in which it was committed to the press, as many living creatures do lick their young ones, till they bring them to their strength of limbs.

"In the composing of his books he did rather drive at a masculine and clear expression than at any fineness or affectation of phrases, and would often ask if the meaning were expressed plainly enough, as being one that accounted words to be but subservient or ministerial to matter, and not the principal. And if his style were polite, it was because he would do no otherwise. Neither was he given to any light conceits, or descanting upon words, but did ever purposely and industriously avoid them, for he held such things to be but digressions or diversions from the scope intended, and to derogate from the weight and dignity of the style.

"He was no plodder upon books; though he read much, and that with great judgment and rejection."

BACON, THE PAINTER POET.

Critics and anti-Baconians may be very well imagined asking for some sort of direct, unequivocal evidence, as to the authorship of the poems and plays attributed to Shakespeare. They may be imagined contending, that the universality of the plays is such, that anything in the way of parallels may be discovered in them, particularly in the case where two such encyclopædic literatures as the plays and Bacon's Instauration are collated. We can conceive one of these critics to be exclaiming:—"You show us a great deal of what you presume is Lord Bacon's in the plays, by means of ingenious parallels, but can you point to any line or passage, directly taken from the poems or plays and applied to Bacon by a third person, or independent witness? In the last case, *the evidence or testimony of any author of repute who lived near or about Bacon's age, would be of great value*, seeing such a witness cannot be classed with modern theorists, and whatever weight there may be in the evidence, must be attributed, not to ingenuity, or original discovery, of a theoretical kind, *but to a known or traditional oral fact of authorship.*"

We accept this challenge. Everybody has heard of the comparison of Francis Bacon to Moses, standing upon Mount Pisgah, and contemplating therefrom the Promised Land, as typical of all that Bacon foresaw and anticipated (but could not himself

attain to), from the results of his inductive system in the future. It is perhaps a metaphor more quoted in connection with Bacon than any other, and it was first introduced by Abraham Cowley, in a poem dedicated to Bacon, and addressed to the Royal Society during the seventeenth century. Archbishop Tenison has thought fit to republish it in his "Remains of the Lord Verulam," entitled "BACONIANA," and published 1679. The poem may be found printed as a conclusion to the volume, upon pages 267, 268, 269, 270. We quote the fourth verse only:—

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,
(Though we our Thoughts from them perversely drew)
To Things, the Mind's right Object, he it brought,
Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew;
He fought and gather'd for our use the true;
And when, on heaps, the chosen Bunches lay,
He pressed them wisely the Mechanic way,
'Till all their Juice did, in one Vessel join,
Ferment into a nourishment Divine,
The thirsty Soul's refreshing Wine.
Who to the Life an exact Piece would make,
Must not from others Work a Copy take;
No, not from *Reubens*, or *Vandike;*
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' Ideas, and the Images which lie
In his own Fancy, or his Memory.
No, He, before his fight, must place
The natural and living Face;
The real Object must command
Each judgment of his Eye, and motion of his Hand.

Before we proceed to comment upon this poem, we would first prepare the mind of the reader by a few preliminary remarks, taken from the life of Lord Bacon, written by his faithful friend and devoted secretary, William Rawley, to whose pen we owe almost everything of value as to Lord Bacon's life. In an *Epistle to the Reader*, prefixed to the "Resuscitatio" (and other of Bacon's works), Rawley, in alluding to Bacon's *Collection of the Felicities of Queen Elizabeth*, says: "I was induced many years ago to put the same into the English tongue; not *adverbum*, for that had been but flat and injudicious; but (as far as my slender ability could reach) according to the expressions which I conceived his Lordship would have rendered it in, if he had written the same in English. Yet ever acknowledging *that Zeuxis' or Apelles' pencil could not be attained but by Zeuxis or Apelles himself*" (*Resuscitatio*, "Epistle to Reader," 1661).

It is to these last words we would call attention, Bacon being compared to two of the *greatest artists and painters* of classical antiquity—Zeuxis and Apelles! Presently we shall be able to point out the value of this extraordinary parallel; meanwhile I may be allowed to say that painting and poetry constitute what might be termed twinned arts. In all ages they have been allied, and an old Latin epigram expresses this close art relationship by the words, applied to a good picture:

Falsa veritas, et muta poesis,

which signifies that an excellent picture, or painting, is *a false truth, a dumb poem.* A very happy example of the art of painting introduced and brought in, as it were, to assist poetry, is to be found in the poem of Lucrece, where we are presented with a painting of the Siege of Troy. The description of Sinon, the Phrygian Shepheard, bound and brought before the Trojans, is singularly striking, when delivered through the comments of Lucrece. It is interesting, because Bacon has borrowed the character of Sinon as an ideal of deceitful, or *coloured craft*, with which to fittingly introduce his *Colours of Good and Evil.**

* In him the *painter* laboured with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes waiting still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe,
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertained a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

This *picture* she advisedly perused,
And chid the *painter* for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill.
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the *picture* was belied.—*Lucrece*, 1506–1533.

It is this character which so struck Francis Bacon's imagination that he presents him to us, just as he is presented here, as the Phrygian Shepheard, bound before the Trojans, and concluding his speech with those wonderful words (Bacon quotes) which saved his life:

Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridæ.

It is with this line Bacon introduces his key for his crafty characters, such as Cæsar, Richard the Third, etc., and whatever else sails under false colours, i.e., his *Colours of Good and Evil.*

In this poem of Abraham Cowley's, quoted it will be noticed how he also compares Bacon to two great painters—*Rubens and Vandike.* The object of this article, and indeed, a discovery of some importance, which we wish to draw attention to, is to found in this fourth verse of Cowley's poem, and particularly in the lines:

E'en as poor birds deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
(*Venus and Adonis*, 601),

taken from the poem of *Venus and Adonis.* If the reader will collate these lines with the fourth line of verse four of Cowley's poem to Bacon, he will find them identical—

Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew.

But there is yet a far more important point to register. The two lines from *Venus and Adonis* are universally understood and allowed to be, an allusion or reference, to the art of the celebrated Græcian painter Zeuxis, *who imitated some grapes so admirably that the birds pecked at them thinking them real!* Now the reader will perceive for himself the importance of Rawley's comparison of Bacon to Zeuxis; indeed, we may certainly assume, from the evidence, that both Rawley and Cowley, *purposely and with full inspiration of knowledge entered the parallel?* As critics are certain to dispute this assertion, let us draw attention to a few points of importance. Observe how Cowley, in the same verse of his poem where these lines occur, compares Bacon to *Rubens*, who of all modern painters in the world, is the one whose style, both of subject and coloring, nearest approaches the style and subject of the poem of *Venus and Adonis!* Cowley evidently was quite aware of the connection of Zeuxis with the story he cites from *Venus and Adonis*, for thinking of the art of Zeuxis (through the episode described), he immediately introduces *another painter* (Rubens) as a hint for the authorship of the poem from which he quotes. Rawley also knew, because his comparison of Bacon to Apelles is pregnant with the same fact. Apelles is celebrated as a painter of the VENUS rising from the sea, and lived at the time of Alexander the Great, who gave him Camcaspe as wife, with whom the painter had fallen in love after painting her. It is important to point out how Bacon, in his essay upon Beauty, mentions Apelles, whose VENUS, he observes, was the result of "*taking the best part out of divers faces to make one excellent*" ("Beauty"). Cicero mentions the story at the beginning of his work *De Inventione*, how Zeuxis took the most beautiful features and members of several beautiful women, to make a more beautiful one than any in his *Helen.* Bacon

writes: "That is the best part of beauty *which a picture cannot express*; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportions. A man cannot tell whether *Apelles* or *Albert Durer* were the more trifler. Whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions, the other by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make an excellent. Such effigies, or images, I think, would please nobody." (*Essay*, "Beauty," 1625.) It was evidently the *Venus of Apelles* Bacon was thinking of, for in his proposal of a grammar of languages (anticipating modern comparative philology) he says: "But without question that would be a most excellent grammar (as we suppose), if some man thoroughly instructed in many languages, as well learned, as mother tongues, should write a treatise of the diverse properties of languages, showing in what points every particular language did excel; and in what points it was deficient. For so tongues might be enriched and perfected by mutual intertraffic one with another, *and a most fair image of speech—(like the Venus of Apelles)*;—and a goodly pattern for the true expression of the inward sense of the mind might be drawn from every part which is excellent in every language" (p. 261, Liber vi. *Advancement of Learning.*) Anyone who knows the paintings of Peter Paul Rubens will in a moment seize the profound hint Cowley presents, comparing Bacon to this master, in swift sequence of connotation with, an unmistakable extract from the poem of *Venus and Adonis*. Rubens is best known for his full-bodied, round-limbed females of the Venus type. Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, in his recent Portfolio Monograph upon Rubens, remarks:—"In the imagined world of art you may allow Rubens to open the door upon a bevy of rich beauties that offer to the flood of warm light, succulent forms, ample shapes, curved, colored and creamy surfaces." Almost all the female beauties of Rubens, in the nude (or partial nude), are ideal Venuses, whose charms are more fleshly than spiritual; and nobody can doubt that Rubens, if he did not paint the subject of Venus and Adonis, could have certainly done it ample justice! The temptress of Adonis, with all her self-described charms, is to be seen upon many a canvas bearing the name of Rubens.

With regard to Vandike, the allusion is not less happy. For Vandike was the prince of *portrait painters*, and what is dramatic art of the historic sort, but *portrait painting?* Bacon writes:—"Civil History is of three kinds, not unfitly to be compared to the *three sort of pictures or images*" (page 91, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640).

This is an excellent comparison, though Bacon does not define,

or enumerate these three classes; but it is certain *Civil History* must most closely approximate to the *images* presented by *portrait painting*, seeing history, particularly *Chronicle, or historical plays*, are chiefly composed of the *portraits* of Kings, Queens, Ministers, Soldiers, and great personages; whose characters are copied from other histories, registers, memorials, and archives. Indeed what are the *images*, presented in the plays, of such characters as King John, Richard the Second, Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth and Henry the Sixth, Richard the Third, Henry the Eighth, Cardinal Wolsey, and all the well-known *dramatis personæ* of these Chronicle plays, if they are not exquisite miniature paintings, or portraits, expressing the life and spirit of those they represent, and mimic in action?—Vandike is celebrated for the *spirit and life* expressed in the likenesses of his portraits. His art answers very closely in subtle depth, to what Bacon describes, as—"furnishing, the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express"—a seeming paradox (or Irishism), but which is *something* which we discover either by study, or instinct, later on! It is the spirit or life—the mind of the artist, latent behind his work, the ideal soul, or excellence, Bacon indicates in his Essay upon Beauty.

Very remarkable is the way, Bacon connotes the art of *painting* with the art of the theatre (or *mimetic art*), as follows:—"Nothing is more variable than *men's faces and countenances*; yet the *memory* retains the infinite distinctions of them. Nay a *painter with a few shells of colours*, the benefit of his eye, the habit of his *imagination*, and the steadiness of his hand, can imitate and draw with his pencil, all *faces**, that are, have been, or ever shall be, if they were brought before him.

"Nothing more variable than *man's voice*; yet we can easily discern their differences in every particular person, nay you shall have a *Buffoon*, or *Pantomimus* will render and express to the life, as many as he pleaseth." (Chap. II. Book VI., p. 189, *Advancement of Learning*, 1640). The reader will note the immediate sequence of thought expressed in this treading of the theatre on the heels of the painter's art? When Bacon confines himself to *portrait painting* (without mentioning landscape) it is impossible to forego the conviction, he is thinking of his own dramatic art, particularly since he introduces *memory* and *imagination* (in this description of painting), which constitute two of the fundamental divisions of his Instauration, answering to *history* and *poesy*. Bacon writes:—"That is the truest partition of human

* Compare this, said of Don Adriano de Armado:—

He's a God or a painter, for he makes faces. (*Love's Labour Lost* V. ii.)

learning, which have reference to the three faculties of man's soul, which is the seat of learning. *History* is referred to *memory*, *Poesy* to the *imagination*, Philosophy to reason." (Cap. I. Liber II. p. 77, *Advancement of Learning.*)

"*Poesy*, in that sense we have expounded it, *is likewise of individuals*, fancied to the similitude of those things which in true history are recorded. Poesy composeth and introduceth *as painting doth.*" (*Ib.*)

Observe how entirely this definition applies to *dramatic poesy*. Why does Bacon confine this definition *to individuals ?* Is there no such thing as lyric and descriptive poetry, in which individuals play a minor part ? But to return to our first subject, observe how the *men's faces*, or painter's portraits, presently change into the *man's voice* or *pantomimic*. Indeed, what is the dramatic art but a *species* of imaginative poetic painting of men's faces or characters ? What again is the Buffoon or Pantomimus, but the actor, with his histrionic art of mimicry ? It is the voice which constitutes with gestures the actor's art, and it is the actor who utters or acts with his voice and mimicry just those portraits of men's faces the poet has painted. Bacon is simply indicating author and actor—the one the copier of characters and faces, the other the Pantomimus, or universal mimicry of the theatre in action.

In chapter four, of the first book, of the *Advancement of Learning* ("De Augmentis"), we find Bacon treating of the three "*distempers of Learning from Learned men's studies*,"—which he divides into *Phantastical Learning*, *Contentious Learning*, and *Delicate Learning*. Bacon writes: "I find, therefore, chiefly three vanities and vacuities, in Learning, which have given occasion to the reproach and disgrace thereof. For those things are esteemed *vain* which are either *false*, or *frivolous ;* namely, wherein there is, either no truth, or no use ; *those persons* we esteem vain, which are either credulous in things false, or *curious* in things of little use. And *curiosity* is either in *matter* or in *words ;* that is when either labour is spent *in vain matters, or time is wasted in the delicacy of fine words.* So that it is agreeable as well to true reason as approved experience, to set down three distempers of Learning. The first is *phantastical Learning ;* the second, *contentious Learning ;* the third, *painted, or delicate Learning :* or thus—*vain imaginations—vain altercations—vain affectations.* And with the last I will begin. This Distemper, seated in the superfluity and profuseness of speech, about Luther's time, got up mightily into credit and estimation. The heat and efficacy of preaching, to win and draw on the people, began chiefly about that time to flourish ; and this

required a popular kind of expression, and so it came to pass a little after, *that a greater care was taken for words than matter;* and many affected rather comptness of style; a round and clean period; the sweet falling of the clauses; and illustrations by Tropes and figures; than the weight of matter, soundness of argument, life of invention, or depth of judgement. Then sprang up the flowing and watery vein of *Osorius*, the Portuguese Bishop, to be in price and request. Then did *Sturmius* spend such infinite and curious pains upon *Cicero* the orator, and Hermogines the rhetorician. Then did our *Carr* and Ascham, in their lectures and writings almost deify *Cicero* and Demosthenes. In sum, the whole inclination and bent of those times was rather upon copy than weight. Here we see the first distemper of Learning, when, as we have said, *men study words, and not matter.*"

"But yet, notwithstanding, it is a thing not hastily to be condemned to illustrate and polish the obscurity and roughness of philosophy, with the splendour of words and sensible elocution. For, hereof, we have great examples in *Xenophon*, *Cicero*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, and even in Plato himself, and the use hereof is great. But the excess of this is so justly contemptible, that, *as Hercules, when he saw the image of Adonis, Venus' minion, in the Temple, said Nil Sacri es*, so there is none of Hercules followers in Learning, I mean, the more industrious and severe inquirers into Truth, but will despise those *delicacies and affectations*, as indeed capable of no divineness," (pages 27-28, chapter iv., Lib. i., *Advancement of Learning*, 1640).

It will be observed, that there runs a strange parallel between Cowley's verses and this passage by Bacon! Both writers allude to the same subject, and both introduce, indirectly, *Venus and Adonis*, in context with it! Cowley's line (cited):—

"From words which are but pictures of the thought"

expresses the same idea as Bacon's *painted Learning*. Cowley's *painted grapes* are a further illustration of the *pictures of the thought*, which deceive us, even as the art of Zeuxis deceived birds. At the same time it is Adonis, in the poem, who is likened unto the *painted grapes*. Bacon likewise, in holding up to scorn this *vanity of words* (painted learning), illustrates it by the *statue, or image of Adonis*. The deep observer may perceive in this point, a hint for Bacon's reprehension of idols, which he has divided into four classes. Cowley tells us (in his verse), that Bacon's object was to recall us from *the deceptions of Art—an art so profound, so wonderful in its imitation of nature, that we are unaware of the deception practised upon us*. That art is hinted at by a double allusion, pointing at once to the first heir of the

poets' invention—the poem of *Venus and Adonis*—and also to the most marvellous artist of ancient times, Zeuxis, to whom Bacon is directly compared by his secretary, Rawley. Cowley tells us that words (or rather, painted art) without life behind them, or reason, are deceptions, and dead, however inimitable, or excellent. The following passage upon the same point (painted learning, or the vanity of words), illustrates Bacon's meaning. "And it seems to me that Pigmalion's frenzy is a good emblem and portraiture of this vanity; for what are words but the *images of matter*, and except they be animated with the *spirit of reason*, to fall in love with them, is all one as to fall in love with a *picture*" (page 28, Liber i., *Advancement of Learning*, 1640).

The story of Pigmalion everybody knows,—he carved a female *statue out of marble*, and fell in love with it,—and Bacon (upon the same page) illustrates the same idea, by the *statue of Adonis*, which Hercules saw in a temple. It is therefore of very great importance to point out, that we find Venus *addressing Adonis, in the poem*, AS BOTH A STATUE, AN IDOL, AND A PICTURE!

> "*Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless* STONE,
> *Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,*
> *Statue contenting but the eye alone,*
> *Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!*"
> (*Venus and Adonis*, 211-214.)

It is important to note, we have a striking parallel to the story of Pigmalion, presented us in the statue of Hermione* (*which comes to life*) in the play of the *Winter's Tale*. We find in the description of this *tableau vivant*, just the same connotation of the ideas of a *picture and stone image*, as in the above four lines addressed to Adonis.

Paulina.—Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor *image*
Would thus have wrought you,—for the *stone* is mine—
I'd not have shown it—
Leontes.—Do not draw the curtain—
Paulina.—No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leontes.—Let be, let be,
Would I were dead, but that methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? And that
those veins
Did verily bear blood?

*In the case of Hermione it is to be observed, how the artist's skill in *both painting and sculpture* is harped upon in the play!

Third Gent.—"The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the *Keeping of Paulina—a piece many years in doing* and now newly performed by that rare Italian Master, JULIO ROMANO, who had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer."

(*Winter's Tale*, Act V. x. 1.)

This is another instance of painting being brought in as an adjunct to poetry. Moreover, the reader will recognize in this miracle of art, just what was excellent in the "*painted grapes*" of Zeuxis—an art which is life itself since it mocks art in the life! Many paintings of Julio Romano still exist, particularly in the Pitti Palace at Florence. He was famed for mythological subjects, and his ceilings are generally groups taken from the Pantheon of Antiquity.

In this *statue* of Hermione, or *painting* (both are indicated) we seem to hear Bacon, when he remarks:—"For as *statues and pictures* are dumb histories, so histories are *speaking pictures.*"—(A letter to the Lord Chancellor, touching the History of Britain, p. 28, Part two, Resuscitatio, 1661.)

Polixenes.—Masterly done.
The very life seems warm upon her lip,—
Leontes.—The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mocked with art.
* * * *
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paulina.—Good my lord forbear.
The ruddiness upon her cheek is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, *stain your own*
With oily painting. (*Winter's Tale*, Act V. iii.)

It appears as if Adonis was an early idea, which, later on, found a more complete realization in the feigned death of Hermione. The reader will perceive in both cases how alike are the situations and ideas called forth by the *painted grapes* of Zeuxis, and the statue of Hermione, wherein the idea is, *an excellence that makes us "mocked with art."* Only observe the difference,—Zeuxis gave an air of life to dead things,—Bacon's end is to show that things *which appear dead may be alive.* When art is no longer painting, but animated with the spirit and life of reason, then truly it may be said to resuscitate!—and painting becomes no longer mere painting. In the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, we read:—

Dost thou love *pictures?* We will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind. (Scene ii.)

There can be very little doubt Bacon's "*vain affectations*" (in speech), and his "*painted learning*" (constituting his third, or last distemper, or disease of learning), may be found reflected in the play of *Love's Labour Lost*. It is just this "*affectation*" in the choice of "*delicacies of fine words*," which speaks in this passage of Biron's, wherein he renounces what was known as *Euphuism*, during the Elizabethan reign.

Biron.—Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce *affectation*
Figures pedantical; these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand God knows!
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed
In russet yeas and honest Kersey noes.
And to begin wench,—so God help me la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros.—Sans sans, I pray you.
Biron.—Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: hear with me *I am sick*
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, "Lord have mercy on us," on those three;
They are infected; *in their hearts it lies*;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free
For the Lords token on you do I see.
(*Love's Labour Lost*, V. ii. 407.)

Observe, how exactly we find described, what Bacon calls "*delicacies*," in choice of words,—that is, an effeminate or soft style, bred of boudoir affectations and conceits, expressing itself in "silken terms precise," with extravagances of "spruce affectation!" Biron repudiates, what Bacon terms, a style of speech that results in "time wasten in the delicacy of fine words," *i.e.* "a curiosity in words" full of vain affectations. The vanity of this style is summed up by Bacon, in the words "*painted learning*"—that is to say, a meretricious or false style, which is condemned under the description of "*painted rhetoric*" by Biron:—

Lend me the *flourish* of all gentle tongues,—
Fie painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not.
To things of sale a sellers praise belongs,
She passes praise, then praise too short doth blot.
(*Love's Labour Lost*, Act iv. iii. 239.)

Observe moreover, that this *distemper of learning*, constitutes with Biron's *a veritable plague, or distemper*, to which he confesses in the words, '*I am sick*,' and which he attributes to the other three lovers, in the words—"*They have the plague.*" That is to say, this vacuity of style, is accounted a distemper, or infection, in the play, as it is accounted by Bacon in his prose.

I want to point out, how exactly the style of the speech of Polonius, in the play of Hamlet, parallels in every particular, Bacon's category touching some of his three distempers of learning, "*when men study words and not matter.*" Polonius exclaims to Hamlet :—

Pol. —What do you read my lord?
Ham.—Words, words, words—
Pol. —What is the matter, my lord?
Ham.—Between who?
Pol. —I mean the *matter* that you read, my lord.
Ham.—Slanders, sir. For the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams; all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward. (Act II., scene ii.)

The portrait and the words are identical, and the portrait is an ironical caricature of Polonius himself, whose style is summed up in *words or vacuity of matter*, as Bacon expresses it! For example take this :—

Pol.—My liege and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.
Queen.—More matter with less art. (Act. II. ii.)

We seem to hear Bacon (in the voice of the Queen) complaining of the *vacuity of matter** (in a speech cunningly repeated), where a

* To use too many circumstances, *ere one come to the matter* is wearisome. (Essays Discourse).

greater care is taken for words than matter! It may be noticed how the style of Polonius, also corresponds, to some of Bacon's remarks upon the second disease, or distemper of learning, i.e. *Contentious subtlety and vanity of matter*, which Bacon calls, "*worse than the vanity of words.*" Now, in the speeches of Polonius, it may be remarked, that there is always what Bacon calls a *superfluity and profuseness of speech*, as when he exclaims :—"The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical pastoral, scene individual, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light." (Act II. ii.). This passage illustrates what Bacon terms curiosity in words. Bacon would call these repetitions "*vain affectations.*" Polonius entirely answers to the description Bacon gives us, of *vain persons who are credulous in things false, or curious in things of little use.* For example Hamlet exclaims:—

Ham.—Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?
Pol. —By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.
Ham.—Methinks it is like a weasel.
Pol. —It is backed like a weasel.
Ham.—Or like a whale.
Pol. —Very like a whale. (Act III. ii.)

Here we have the credulity of what Bacon calls "vain imaginations!" And indeed when Hamlet exclaims of Polonius: "These tedious old fools"—we seem to hear Bacon (upon subtlety or curiosity) saying,

"Verba ista sunt senum otiosorum—these are the words of idle old men." Observe, that the distemper of the "superfluity and profuseness of speech, which Bacon says, *got up about Luther's time*," is very closely connected with the University of *Wittenberg*, where Hamlet purposes going, and from whence Horatio has come. This town is where Luther burnt the Pope's bull, and figures therefore, for a remarkable period introducing the Reformation. Also note that Polonius once played Julius Cæsar, and was killed by Brutus, a part Hamlet plays in reality later on. That is to say we have in Polonius a tyranny of authority (already in its dotage) of thought and style (of the Schoolmen) which was about to perish at the hands of the new and advanced age.

Bacon's "*fantastical learning*" is powerfully reflected in the character of Don Adriano de Armado, in the play of *Love's Labour Lost*, in whom we recognize also, what Bacon con-

demns, as "*an affectation of novelty and strangeness of terms*," in his second distemper of learning. Don Armado is described as a *fantastical* Spaniard, and also as:—

A man of *fire-new words*, fashions own knight.

(*Love's Labour Lost*, Act I., i.)

* * * * *

A man in all the worlds *new fashion planted*,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own *vain* tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.

(*Ibid.*)

The superfluity and profuseness of speech, when, as Bacon writes, "*men study words and not matter*," is summed up in the description Holofernes gives of the style of speech used by Don Armado:—

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. (*Love's Labour Lost*, Act IV., sc. i.)

Observe that Bacon's condemnation of "*Labours spent in vain matters, or time wasted* in the delicacy of fine words," almost sums up the title "*Love's Labour Lost*,"—in the words, "labours spent," or "time wasted (lost) in *vain studies*," which is reflected, in the speech of the King's Courtier, Biron, thus summed up:—

Why, all delights are *vain*, but that most *vain*,
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.

(*Love's Labour Lost*, Act I., i.)

This speech refers to the *studies*, which the King of Navarre, and his bookmen, propose to carry out for three years.

As the mere *outside*, or natural man (corporeal and visible), we find this frequent, and painted comparison, which for profound irony, cannot perhaps be surpassed in literature:—

Timon.—What have you there my friend?

Painter.—A piece of painting, which I do beseech your lordship to accept.

Timon.—Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature
He is but outside. (*Timon*, Act I. i.)

This indeed, is the characteristic of a certain class of person, who may be epitomised in the words, *clothes, and outside appearance;*

o whom everything material, and external, is of first importance, and to whom, what Bacon calls, colour, and cover, are all their arts in life. But it is open to question how the poet understands the words "*natural man?*" I am inclined to believe that it is introduced here, with the plenary inspiration with which Bacon separates the Natural from the Spiritual man, *toto genere*.

Timon's steward exclaims of Timon:—

> To have his pomp and all what state compounds
> But only *painted* like his varnished friends?
>
> (*Timon*, Act IV. ii.)

Compare this—(where Polonius causes Ophelia to pretend to read):—

> *Polonius.*—Read on this book;
> That *show* of such *an* exercise may *colour*
> Your loneliness, we are oft to blame in this,—
> 'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
> And pious action we do sugar o'er
> The devil himself.
>
> *King* [*aside*] O, 'tis too true!
> How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
> The harlot's cheek, beautified with plastering art,
> Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
> *Than is my deed to my most painted word.**
>
> (*Hamlet*, Act III. i.)

'Painted words,' 'painted rhetoric,' 'painted grapes,' 'painted learning,' 'painted friends,' all class together, and belong to Bacon's collection of Colours, wherein Evil puts on a false outside to appear as if real—true and good. The student may recognize in the above quotations from *Hamlet*, Bacon's *Colours of Good and Evil*, at work! Polonius' speech, is a perfect illustration of the text (of the Reprehension) of Bacon's fourth Colour of Good and Evil:—"That which is evil *approacheth to Good for concealment*," "*and protection; so wicked persons betake themselves to the sanctuary of the Gods*, and vice itself assumes the shape and shadow of virtue."

> Sæpe latet vitium proximitate boni.
>
> (p. 214 Liber VI. *Advancement of Learning*, 1640.)

This is '*devotions visage*' that *colours* (with a show) the devil itself!

It is therefore almost certain, the word *painting*, is introduced for something false, or superficial, connected closely with *color*,

* Court life is called *painted pomp* ("*As You Like It*").

or appearance—falsehood, or deceit! The connotation of *painting*, with *idols*, and *idol worship*, is strongly reflected in the following ironical portrait (Thersites presents) of Achilles, in the play of *Troilus and Cressida* :—

> Why thou *picture* of what thou seems't, and *idol* of idiot worshippers.
>
> (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. i.)

Still more Baconian is the following—

> Poor Ophelia
> Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
> *Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts.*
>
> (*Hamlet*, Act IV. v.)

On the other hand, Bacon says that "Virtue *if she could be seen*, would move much love and affection."

This finds a perfect parallel :—

> Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
> Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.
>
> (*Twelfth Night*, Act III. iv.)

In the Epistle to the Reader, prefacing the Resusticatio of Bacon, William Rawley writes—

> "*To give the true value, to his Lordship's wroth, there were more need of another Homer, to be the trumpet of Achilles' virtues.*"
>
> ("The Epistle to the Reader, Resuscitatio, 1661.")

There is something in this panegyric, which must immediately remind students of Virgil, of the latter's ecloque, entitled *Pharmaceutria*—in which *Pollio the concealed poet and Roman playwright*, is thus addressed by Virgil—

> Could I rehearse
> Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse,
> The world another Sophocles in thee,
> Another Homer should behold in me!
>
> (Dryden's Translation.)

This is the praise of one poet by another poet,—for who so fitting as a poet to give another poet his due? But it will naturally be objected that Sophocles and Achilles are widely apart as a comparison. I am not at all convinced myself, however, that Achilles is not here introduced, as possibly some hint profound for Shakespeare.

Everybody has heard of the celebrated *spear* of Achilles called *Pelias*. In the poem of Lucrece, this *spear* is thus introduced in the painting of Troy, and its seige, described by Lucrece—

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Griped in an armed hand; himself behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

Lucrece, 1422.

That the emblem of the spear entered into Shakespeare's conception of his own name, is evident in his coat of arms, where the lance, or spear, figures chiefly. So in the plays, Mars is prefigured as

The omnipotent Mars, of lances the almighty.

(*Love's Labour Lost*, Act V. ii.)

W. F. C. Wigston.

MYTHOLOGY (I.)

"This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.
The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them." (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1).

The Two Cupids. Friendship, Love of the Soul. Passion. Love of the World, or Self-Love.

IT would be beyond the scope of this article to attempt an exhaustive analysis of the allusions to Mythology in the Literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. All that can be done is to notice a few of the classical myths which are woven in with Bacon's theories, spoken of in his works and (when associated with high and beautiful thoughts) almost sure to reappear in some form or other in the woodcuts.

In the ordinary course of things, "Pan, or Nature Explained of Natural Philosophy," would come first It is nearly three times as long as any other fable in *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, excepting "Prometheus," and Bacon describes it as "perhaps the noblest of all antiquity, pregnant with the secrets of nature." But a chapter has been already devoted to Pan, and we pass from this fable (for which we seem to be chiefly indebted to Homer,*) to the myth of "Cupid or an Atom, explained of the Corpuscular Philosophy," which we owe to Plato.

* *Homer's Hymn to Pan.*

This story of Cupid, as related by Bacon, bears (we think) an intimate relation to that of Pan,* although the threads which knit the two together do not appear on the surface.

"The particulars related by the poets of Cupid, or Love, do not properly agree to the same person; yet they differ only so far, that, if the confusion of persons be rejected, the correspondence may hold.†

"They say that Love was the most ancient of all the Gods, and existed before everything else, except chaos, which was held coeval therewith. But for chaos, the ancients never paid divine honours, nor gave the title of God thereto. Love is represented as absolutely without progenitor, excepting only that he is said to have proceeded from the egg of Nox. His attributes are four, *viz.* (1) perpetual infancy; (2) blindness; (3) nakedness; and (4) archery.

"There was also another Cupid, or Love, the youngest son of the Gods, born of Venus; and upon him the attributes of the elder are transferred, with some degree of correspondence."

This fable, says the Essayist, "points, at and enters, *the cradle of nature.*"

"Love seems to be the appetite or incentive of the primitive matter . . . this being the most ancient and only power, that made and wrought all things out of matter. It is absolutely without a parent, that is, without cause; for causes are as parents to effects; but this power or efficacy could have no natural cause; for excepting God, *nothing was before it*, and therefore it could have no efficient in Nature."

"Cupid," he presently continues, "is elegantly drawn *a perpetual child*; for compounds are larger things, and have their periods of age; but the first seeds or atoms of bodies are small, and remain in a perpetual infant state."

"He is again justly represented as *naked;* as all compounds may be said to be dressed and clothed, or to assume a personage; whence nothing remains truly naked, but original particles of things."

These passages seem to explain the presence in our woodcuts of a multitude of little fat boys, not the conventional Cupids

* It is also intimately connected with the fable of *Cælum*, or Beginnings, explained of the Origin of all things. (Lit. Arts. xii.)

† Thus at the very commencement of his Essay, Bacon separates Heavenly love, the love of "married souls," from Earthly love—mere passion—the love "by gazing fed." Attentive readers will observe how these thoughts permeate the Plays, where all noble love between man and woman blends into one, the *two Cupids*, making all happiness depend upon the "Exquisite Sympathies" of heart and soul.

with wings, bows and arrows; but "perpetual children," neither "dressed and clothed" (like Bacon's "compounds" nor "assuming a personage"—for each is like the other, without individual characteristics. These wingless cupids swarm in old books (especially in ornamental letters), and some are usually found in one or other of the headlines.

Are these the atoms, the primitive principles of things, the weak beginnings, infants without parents, whom Bacon identifies with the First or Ancient Cupid, the Eros of Plato? Freemason designers and architects can surely answer.

The analogies between the fables of Cupid and Pan soon begin to make themselves felt. Just as Love was without progenitors, an emanation from chaos, so Pan is said to have sprung "from the confused seeds of things." Again, as "the body of Nature is justly described as biform, because of the difference of its superior and inferior parts" (the earth and humanity, and the heavens or the spiritual nature), so Pan is represented as goat-footed, *clambering* between the earth and the heavens—and so too these wingless Cupids, as "vital spirits of nature," are often represented with goats' feet, here again forming a point of contact with the Satyrs and *the youth of things*, whom we saw dancing about Pan.

And then, lastly, we observe that, when Pan, supposed to be married to Echo (the voices of the world), fell in love with the nymph Syriux (*the Pen, or the Art of Writing*), it was Cupid (Love of Beauty) who inflamed him, in revenge for Pan's insolent challenge to a wrestling match, when of course he was worsted, for how could Nature get the better of Love?

Possibly some of these little unclothed, sturdy children, may be the "heirs of invention," "children of the brain," "unswaddled" offspring of imagination and of the mind, such as Bacon speaks of alike in prose and poetry, seeds and weak beginnings,

> "The baby figure of the giant mass
> Of things to come at large." *

And since Truth, Bacon says, is the daughter of Time, and

> "Time the nurse and breeder of all good," †

perhaps this large nursery of babies may be her progeny, "begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion." ‡

* *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3.

† *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 2.

‡ *Love's Labour Lost*, iii. 2.

Spedding says,* speaking of Bacon's treatment of the fable of Cupid, that "his design was to give a philosophical exposition of two myths, namely, that of the primæval Eros or Cupid, and that of Uranus or Cœlum. Only the first, however, is discussed in the fragment which we now have, and even that is left incomplete."

This is one of many instances in which Bacon leaves *as a fragment*, a work in itself unfinished, but in which he has said all that is necessary for his purpose. It was not his purpose to criticise Plato's *Symposium*, whence, apparently, he derived this theory of the Two Cupids, but he did wish to bring before the minds of his disciples, the thought that Love is the only true parent and motive power of all work or effort, "the summary or collective law of Nature, or the principle of Love, impressed by God upon the original particles of all things."

Too much space would be demanded by the introduction into this chapter of all the passages where we find this theory of the Two Cupids, illustrated by examples in Baconian literature, but it is a study which we think may be legitimately pressed upon the attention of the *Shakespeare* reader especially, and we will give as a specimen of the *concealed allusions* to which we refer some passages in *Romeo and Juliet*, which in the first instance led us to researches into Bacon's Mythology.

"The blindness of Cupid contains a deep allegory, for this same Cupid or Love, or appetite of the world, seems to have very little foresight, but directs his steps and motions conformably to what he finds next him, as blind men do when they feel out their way." †

> "Alas, that Love whose view is muffled still
> Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will."‡

"The love impressed by God upon the particles of all things, makes them *attack one another*, "And come together."§

> "O *brawling* love!"‖

And love was created out of nothing—and "is absolutely without progenitor."

> "O brawling Love! O loving Hate!
> O anything *from nothing first create*."¶

"Love existed before anything else, *except chaos*, which is held coeval therewith."**

* *De Principiis atque Originibus Pref.* The *Essay of Cœlum* should be compared with this.

† *Essay of Cupid.*

‡ *Romeo and Juliet*, i. i. 76-7.

§ *Essay.*

‖ *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 181.

¶ ib. 182.

** *Essay.*

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen Chaos of well-seeming forms!*

This last line has surely little meaning, unread by the light of Bacon's exposition. In the rhapsody which follows, a picture is presented of the excess of this passion. Bacon says in the *Essay of Love*,† that "there never was a proud man thought so absurdly well of himself, as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said that *it is impossible to love and be wise*." This excess he regards as something curious, and amusing to watch.

"It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things, by this, that *the speaking in perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love*."‡

"Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still waking sleep that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this."§

And now we come to the explanation and illustration of the doctrine of the Two Cupids.

"*The other* Cupid was the youngest son of the gods, born of Venus, and upon him the attributes of the elder are transferred with some degree of correspondence. The description given us of him, transfers the allegory to morality, though he still retains some resemblance with the ancient Cupid; for as Venus universally excites the affection of association, and the desire for procreation" (*of things, works, knowledge, from crude material*) her son Cupid applies the affection to individuals; so that the general disposition proceeds from Venus, but the more close sympathy from Cupid. The former depends upon "a near approximation of causes, but the latter upon deeper, more necessitating, and uncontrollable principles, as if they proceeded from the ancient Cupid, on whom all exquisite sympathies depend."

When Romeo raves of his love for Juliet, Benvolio annoys him by laughing, instead of sympathising, as he expected his good friend to do:—

Rom.—Dost thou laugh?
Ben.— No, Coz, I rather weep.
Rom.—Good heart, at what?

* *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1, 184.

† *Moral Essays* x. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 2. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 3. *Measure for Measure*, ii. 3. *Hamlet* i.

‡ *Essays of Love.*

§ *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2. 105.

Ben.—At thy good hearts' oppression.
Rom.—Why, *such is love's transgression—*
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast
Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest
With more of thine—This love that thou hast shown,
*Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.**

For "No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession† . . . Friendship redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in half."

Here we may perceive a hint of the contrast which Bacon notes between the deep and true affection of "the ancient Cupid, upon whom all exquisite sympathies depend," (Friendship, or Love of the Soul), and the mad, unreasoning love of the blind boy, Cupid.

This "other" Cupid, he says in the Moral Essay, "is, as to the stage, ever matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life doth much mischief, sometimes like a Siren, sometimes like a Fury." Benvolio displays as much surprise as Bacon himself, at the "excess of hyperbole" into which Romeo's passionate love leads him, he does not agree with his cousin that this is "a madness most discreet," and soon afterwards, when again Benvolio is listening to and trying to comfort Romeo, this love-sick hero becomes so incoherent that Benvolio fears he is losing his wits.

Ben.—Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom.—Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented.

In the Masque entitled a *Challenge at Tilt*,‡ Bacon's "new" Platonic doctrine of the two Cupids again appears, incidentally. The first Cupid threatens:—

"I will break my bow . . . *turn into chaos again,*
and dissolve the harmony of nature."

In *Love's Welcome*§ there is a still clearer reflection of Bacon's (or Plato's) ideas. The two Cupids, Eros and Anteros, are brothers with distinctive abilities. Auteros describes himself as "a Son of Venus," "a second self" to Eros, who declares that "the affection in our Will as in our Love," the *exquisite sympathy*

* *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2.
† *Essay of Friendship.*
‡ Performed at a marriage, 1612, and attributed to Ben Johnson.
§ Performed at Bolsover, July 30th, 1634.

which has grown up between them, "is due to the pure school we live in, and is, of purer love a discipline."

Turning to other books which reveal by their water-marks, ornaments and illustrations, by their vocabulary, phraseology, metaphoric language, and matter, the mind of Bacon, we are sure, when Love and Beauty are the theme, to find these same rather abstruse ideas, variously applied to meet circumstances.

Here are some passages to the point from the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a book invaluable for the light which it sheds upon obscurities in Bacon, and, if you will, *Shakespeare*.

"Beauty shines," Plato saith, "and by reason of its splendour, and shining causeth admiration; and the fairer the object is, the more eagerly it is sought. Beauty is a lively, shining, or glittering brightness, *resulting from effused good*" (here again is the emblem of *God as the Sun*), "by ideas, seeds, reasons, shadows, stirring up our minds, that by this good they may be united and made one . . . Beauty and grace are like those beams and shinings that come from the glorious and divine sun, which are diverse as they proceed from the diverse objects, to please and affect our several senses . . . . so that as Valesius infers, whatsoever pleaseth our ears, eyes and soul, must needs be beautiful, fair and delightsome to us.

"One beauty," he continues, "ariseth from God (of which and divine love many fathers have written just volumes)—another from His creatures. There is a beauty of the body, and a beauty of the soul; a beauty from virtue, which we see with the eyes of our mind; which, as Tully saith, if we could discern with these corporeal eyes, would cause admirable affections and ravish our souls."

This "other" beauty (as he spoke of the "other" Cupid) "which ariseth from those extreme qualities . . . graces, gestures, speeches, motions and proportions of creatures," including men and women, are almost infinite, and vary their names with their objects, like the three graces in the company of Venus, and holding up her train. Such are love of money, love of beauty, immoderate desire of any pleasure, friendship or goodwill, &c., which things are either virtue or vice, honest or dishonest, in excess or defect." The author distinguishes between Heroical Love and Religious Love, and argues from the conclusions of various learned men, that there are two Venuses and two Loves.* "One

**Amor et amicitia*, which Scaliger, Exercitat, 301, Valesius and Melancthon warrant out of Plato φυλεῖν and ἐράν from that speech of Pausanius which makes two Venuses and two Loves.

Venus is ancient without a mother, and descended from heaven, whom we call *Celestial*; the younger, begotten of Jupiter and Dione,* whom commonly we call Venus."

"Plato calls these two loves, two devils; or, *good and bad Angels, according to us, which are still hovering about our souls.*" "The one rears up to heaven, the other depresseth us to hell; the one good, which stirs us up to the contemplation of that divine beauty, for whose sake we perform justice and all godly offices, study philosophy, &c.; the other base, and though bad, yet to be respected; for indeed both are good in their own natures; procreation of children is as necessary as the finding out of truth, but called bad, because it is abused, and withdraws our soul from the speculation of that other, to viler objects."†

"Every creature is good, and may be loved ill or well? Two cities make two Loves, Jerusalem and Babylon, the love of God the one, the love of the world the other; of these two cities we are all citizens, as by examination of ourselves we may soon find, and of which."‡

Observe in the passage where the *Anatomist* quotes Plato's description of the two Loves rearing the soul to heaven or depressing it to hell, that he differs from Plato in calling these Loves "Devils." There are, according to his own ideas, *good and bad angels.* All this is reproduced in one of the Sonnets,§ where the bad spirit tempts the good one from his side, and almost makes him doubt if his good angel be not a fiend in disguise.

*Dione is De Ione, the Dove, at Dodona she was worshipped as the Queen of Jupiter (Venus), but she was also his daughter, being, Cicero declares, the Child of Heaven and Light. By the Hindus she is typified as the Lotus and the Lotus throne. This Lotus again is the same as Latona, and Lât the concealed. Pausanius says that she was called *The Bride*, the mother of celestial messengers to men. The House of our *dove-like religion*, says Tertullian, covertly alluding to this mystery of Christianity, which was in the days of the primitive Church well understood, is simple, built on high in open view; respecting the Light as the figure of the Holy Spirit, and the East as the figure of the annointed Messiah. (See Book of God, i., p. 96).

† Ficiuns.

‡ St. Augustine Lib. 15. De Civitat. Dei, and see Psalms lxiv. The Author continues to quote from St. Augustine, Thomas, Lucian, Beroaldus, Origen, Scaliger, Cardan, and Leon Hebræus, all to the same effect variously illustrated.

§ Sonnet cxliv. It is also reproduced (p. 67) in a curious little anonymous book "written in French" by Roland Freart, and rendered English by John Evelyn, 1668. This books seems to compare Painting to Poetry. It is thoroughly Baconian.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which, like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempted my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turned fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fires my good one out.

The fable of Cupid and Psyche, like that of Persephone or Proserpine, and Narcissus, represents, according to some writers, the lapse of the soul from a celestial to an earthly sphere. Two loves meet Psyche or the Soul—the physical or earthly soul, a demon who would draw Psyche down to earthly things; and the heavenly, who directs the Soul's vision to the original, fair and divine, and who, gaining the victory over his rival, leads off the Soul as his bride.*

In the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Psyche is described as "the *Quintessence* of Beauty the *Non-pariel*,† the *Paragon* of the World"; of such surpassing loveliness that all the gods contended for her. This fair creature seems to be yet another impersonation of the Sovereign Lady Truth, or of the Soul aspiring to the attainment of her.

Just so does the Poet write of his Roselind "of many parts distilled."

The *quintessence* of every sprite
Heaven would *in a little* show.‡

Elsewhere we have "the *Nonpareil* of beauty,"* etc. "The earthly *paragon*," a maid that *paragons* description," etc.§

It is well also to observe that in the Rosicrucian Allegory, "The Chymical Marriage," The Bride and Bridegroom are first introduced to us as lifeless images of two "angelically fair babes," which are by the breathings of an old man, through a tube or pipe, kindled into life and imbued with souls. These babes may represent Poesy and the Drama, or Nature and Art, or any of the many means by which things material or things

* See "Book of God," ii. 261, 266, 440, 576.

† See *As You Like It*, iii. 2, *Celias' Song.*

‡ See *Cymbeline*, iii. 6, v. 5. *Othello*, ii. 1, etc.

§ *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. *Tempest*, iii. 2. *Macbeth*, iii. 4. *Anthony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2. *Cymbeline*, ii. 5.

spiritual were to be drawn together and united. The breathing of the old man (Time) through pipes is an idea analagous and more gracefully expressed in the *De Augmentis*, where Bacon speaking of the Fables of the Ancients, says : "I take them to be a kind of breath from the traditions of more ancient nations, which fell into the pipes of the Greeks."

C. M. P.

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